

The Jacksonville Daily News

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1879.

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THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

When apple-branches, flushed with bloom,
Load June's warm evenings with perfume,
And balmy grows each perfect day,
And fields are sweet with new-mown hay,
Then, minstrel lone, I hear thy note,
Up from the pasture-thickets float—
Whip-poor-will!

These are the hours to love endeared,
And summoned by thy accents weird,
What wild regrets—what tender pain,
Recalls my youthful dreams again,
As floating down the shadowy years,
That old refrain fond memory hears—
Whip-poor-will!

The garish day inspires thee not;
But bid in some deep-shaded grove,
Thou like a sad recluse dost wait
The silver hours involute,
When every harsher sound is flown,
And groves and glens are thus alone,
Whip-poor-will!

Then, when the rare, voluptuous night
Pants in the young moon's tender light,
And woods, and cliffs, and shimmering
Are peaceful in her argent beams—
How thrills the lover's heart to hear
Thy loud staccato, liquid clear,
Whip-poor-will!

Whence comes thy lyrical phrase,
That to the wandering air conveys
Faint human sounds, yet cheats the sense
With vagueness of intelligence,
And like a wandering voice of air,
Haunts the dim fields, we know not where,
Whip-poor-will!

My First and Only Love.

It has often been a matter of wonder to me why I loved Elwyn Ashton as I did. He was twelve years my senior, and I only eighteen; yet I loved him.

I remember well how gloriously the sun shone on the summer afternoon when we stood together on the lawn waiting for the carriage to arrive that should bring Aunt Eleanor to spend some weeks at our house. I, so proud of him, so happy at the prospect of seeing Aunt Eleanor's admiration for my noble darling, so shy at his admiration for myself, so hopeful that they would like each other and be friends.

"For she is very beautiful, Elwyn, I said, and only ten years older than I am." I can see now the quiet laugh in his dark eyes, and the playful curve of his lips, as one of those humoring petted children—a strange wife I should have been for him, after all. And there was a sound of wheels, and drawing my arm in his, he led me to the front entrance to welcome my Aunt.

I do not clearly remember when that first feeling of jealousy stole into my mind. I can scarcely understand it now. I did not know it had never changed to me; I was ever upmost in his thoughts; all his most graceful attentions were mine; yet I saw plainly that he found in her a companionship I was far from being able to give, for I was only a darling playmate, a beloved and petted child.

One evening I noted how bright and animated he was, and the admiring look that kept deepening in his eyes, and the increased interest of voice and manner as the conversation progressed, until gradually the hand I held became unconscious of mine, and when I loosened my hold, slipped away to extend itself for greater emphasis towards her. And then I rose, pale and heart-sick to say good-night.

"We have not had our usual talk to-night, Birdie," he said. "It is too late now," looking at his watch. "Yes." "What is the matter?" asked my Aunt. "Are you unwell?" "No," again. "Then she laughed, low and melodiously. 'You had better go to bed, child.'"

Child! Suddenly, and with a quick, sharp pain, as if struck by lightning, I felt all that her words were intended to convey to him—to him, though not to me—and as suddenly the child became a woman.

"Walk down the avenue with me, once—only once, Elwyn," I said; my head ached. With his old caressing touch, he adjusted my shawl; then hesitated, moved, and said, half reluctantly, "Will you? Shall I?"

I knew what it meant, and turned with all the dignity I could assume. "Aunt Eleanor, if you wish to come too, you may." "I may, may I?" she answered, pettishly. "Thanks. But if it's all the same to you, I prefer not."

"Elwyn," I said, when we were out of her hearing, "I felt that I must mention to you something of a different kind. My Aunt has been here more than a month now how do you like her?" "She is charming," he said, honestly; "charming."

"Ah," I said; "so they all say sooner or later." "They?" he asked; "who are they?" "Me," I answered.

He laughed and drew my arm through his, and we finished the walk in silence. Then, when we had reached the front door, and I held up my lips for the usual kiss, he said, "She is very charming, but my baby is worth ten of her."

"Oh!" I sobbed, throwing myself into his arms, and clinging to him with passionate pain and sorrow. "Do not say so, I am a woman now—a woman, Elwyn; do not call me that any more."

"Well, I will not if it hurts you." And he took my face between his hands, and bent over me with his own bright smile and his own gentle voice, and said, "But breaking from him, I am upstairs, and shut myself in my room."

What could I do? Nothing. I felt that he was daily, hourly, being drawn away from me, and my weak power could avail nothing against the more subtle will of that older and far superior woman of the world. My mother, ah, but not even to her could I complain of Elwyn. And so the days went on.

but he said nothing. I stifled my now loud gasps and leaned forward to hear more. "Elwyn?" And now the one was changed. It was as if the words were forced, wrung from her. "Have pity—I love you."

"Gracious heaven!" I knew he had started to his feet. "You tell me this? You?" "I do!" she answered, tremulously; "and more—you love me!"

"And hard him groan, and knew by instinct that his hands were stretched towards her as though to defend her from her own words. "You love me," she continued, more calmly, "and I love you. I have waited for you to speak, but you would not; so I have done it. You may imagine, if you will, what it costs a woman to make such a confession unsolicited. Do you blame me, Elwyn?"

"Blame?" he said, "my beautiful! my dearest! And yet—Oh, the traitor the miserable traitor you have made of me, Eleanor!"

"It is because I love you. Forgive me, if too well, Elwyn." "She loves you," he said. "That child?" she answered, with a touch of sarcasm. "Her heart is too young for any deep impression. Oh, Elwyn, what is her love to mine! She is a pretty toy, a plaything. Will you weigh her in the balance against me?"

"Eleanor," he pleaded, "have mercy! Take my life as you have my love but leave me at least a little self-respect. We are strong in our love, and can bear more than she can. Do not be cruel in your power."

"What do you want to do?" she asked. "To be true to her," he said bitterly, yet, oh, how grimly! "I wish her never to know that it is to a traitor her pure faith has been given. For I will marry her, and I will never meet. So help me heaven!"

"And what is to become of me?" "Have mercy! Why did you ever come between us?" "You say you love me. I ask, what is to become of me? You say you love me, Elwyn?"

"Ah, better than my own truth and honor!" "Oh, how changed and broken his voice sounded!" I waited to hear no more. My resolve was taken. His pride was humbled to the dust—trampled beneath the feet of his great passion. He should never knowingly make me witness his humiliation. This much I could and would do for him.

That evening I asked him to walk down the avenue with me, for the last time, and then I said, Elwyn, this must end between us. I will not marry you."

It was a strange start he gave—a strange look, almost of joy, that flashed over his face, only to be gone again. And then I gained strength to tell the falsehood, that was to set him free from me.

"I do not love you, Elwyn." It is needless to repeat his hurried words of question and confused remonstrance. I saw that he believed my love was gone from him, and therein I could be thankful.

A short month, and they were married. I never saw them again. But long after they told me he was dead, and that she was about to wed another husband, and they gave me the little packet of hair that he had addressed with his own hand to his "First and latest love."

His first and latest, forever.

Skulls of Murderers.

One of the most curious collections in the great Anthropological museum in the Paris exhibition of last year was a collection of thirty-six skulls of murderers who have been guillotined in France. This collection has been carefully studied by Dr. Bormier, who has published the result of his studies in the last number of *Broc's Journal d'Anthropologie*. The most striking result of his observations is the very large cubic capacity of these crania.

In fact, the average volume of the thirty-six skulls, measured with shot by Broca's method, is as much as 1,547.91 cubic centimeters. Eliminating, however, one of skulls, which is of unusual size (2,076 cubic centimeters) and is obviously abnormal, the average is reduced to 1,531 cubic centimeters. But even this figure is considerably higher than the average of any ordinary series of modern crania. In order to find skulls of equal capacity it is necessary to go back to prehistoric times; thus the capacity of Solutre skulls is 1,515, and that of the type from the cave of Neanderthal is 1,500.

The development of the murderer's skull is not in the frontal but in the parieto-occipital region, and it appears to indicate a low intellectual standard, with a strong tendency to powerful action. Most of the celebrated characteristics presented by the skulls of these criminals are comparable with those of prehistoric man, and the murderer may be regarded as an anachronism, his character may be explained on the principle of atavism, or reversion to an early type. If a prehistoric savage could be introduced into modern society he would probably become a notorious criminal; on the other hand, if one of the dark winter nights of the recent times lived in prehistoric ages he might have been a chief of his tribe, highly respected.

Cat and Looking-Glass.

Many years ago, at Carne farm house, where relatives of mine were then living, the household cat was observed to enter a bedroom in course of being spring-cleaned. The looking glass being on the floor, the cat, on entering, was confronted with its own reflection, and naturally concluded that he saw before him a real intruder, and the result, followed by a rush to the mirror and then, meeting an obstacle to his vengeance, a fruitless cut round to the rear. This manoeuvre was more than once repeated with, of course, equal lack of success. Finally, the cat was seen to deliberately walk up the cat, keeping its eyes on the image, and then, when near the edge of the bed, to feel carefully with one paw behind, for the supposed intruder, while with its head twisted round to the front it assured itself of the persistence of the reflection. The result of this experiment fully satisfied the cat that he had seen the victim of a delusion, and never again would he condescend to notice mere reflections, though the trap was more than once laid for him.

It must be very warm weather that will take the corn stalk out of cheap ice cream.

Swell Thieves in Summer.

"Tell me something about the habits of swell thieves in summer time?" said a reporter to a detective.

"I devote the summer to recreation and 'prospective' work—that is, studying the bearings and acquainting themselves with the resources of the places which they propose to attack when a favorable opportunity presents itself. They seldom stop long in one place. They can be met one day at Saratoga and the next at Newport, Long Branch, Cape May, or doing the Canadian tour, all the time having their eye to business and spending their leisure moments in the gambling dens."

"The swell pickpockets migrate with consistent regularity at the approach of summer to the watering-places, put up at the most fashionable hotels and carry on their business as opportunity affords. The swell pickpocket seldom gets caught. He generally travels with a companion to whom he passes whatever he snatches, and should the finger of suspicion be pointed at him he assumes an air of virtuous innocence and wounded dignity which is amusing to behold, and others, it may be in the most plausible manner possible, to show up if necessary. Even if he is searched nothing is found on him, and unless he is really caught in the act he cannot be held. The light-fingered gentry are always in swarms at horse races, fairs, conventions and camp-meetings, and indeed wherever there is a hold, and others, they ply their trade with a persistence and an energy worthy of a better cause."

"What do they do with their spoils?" "All property besides cash which they manage to lay their hands on they send to the city, where agents receive it and convert it into cash the best way they can. The hotel and boarding-house thieves who make their headquarters in the city are the dread of every watering-place in the summer. They live in grand style, drink the most expensive wines, smoke the most expensive cigars and drive in the gayest available coaches. Groups of them are seen nightly in the corridors of the Saratoga hotels. They are easily recognized, but not so easily gotten rid of. Their reckless manner gives them away, but the hotel detectives as long as they have nothing against them and they have no certainty beyond appearances they are crooked, and cannot very safely interfere with them. They are watched. The detective forces at the hotels in watering-places have to be reinforced in summer to watch these gentry, and a pretty hard time they have of it. In a day the thieves find out all about the guests, how much money or jewelry they are likely to have in their rooms, and when they go to their meals they invade their apartments and carry away whatever of value they lay their hands on. The value, fare or travel-expense and a few dollars for their traveling expenses, and they are gone. The next night of the President (counting Jefferson as "good-third") is Zachary Taylor. His portrait somewhat refines the plain features of the rough and weather-beaten old soldier, but it very correctly represents him "as he lived."

His eye, which was black, keen and sparkling, greatly relieved his commonplace countenance, and it fairly glows from the canvas. Probably the most striking picture in the lot is that of General Jackson, who, too, in spite of his long life, never grew to be a "marvelous proper man," although his appearance was very distinctive. He set for Mr. Healy in a merchant's spring of 1845, and the picture was finished only nine days before his death. The picture is in marked contrast with the full length portrait of the General painted by Vanderlyn in 1819, which hangs in the main gallery. The latter represents him in uniform, but bare-headed, standing beside his sword, with his hand on the hilt of a fluted little background, and his blaze flaming from his eyes and illuminating his face with martial glory. Healy's is stripped of all this glamour, and affords a painful evidence of age and infirmity, of disease and suffering; but the wonderful head still bears his lionine aspect, while the eagle eyes, undimmed by time or application, retain their former marvelous power, and seem to look directly through the holder. A duplicate of this picture may be seen at the Hermitage, the pose is slightly altered, and the effect rendered more agreeable and impressive. Yet it is still to look upon, and one at last turns from it with a sigh of relief.

The Harvest in Russia.

A field stretching away for miles and miles without a hedge, ditch or boundary-stone to relieve the sight, offered by what seems to be a very young man, a man of about twenty, with red hair and a Jewish surveying this glorious crop, and as he does so he turns to sniff the breeze which is blowing gently from the Black Sea, about thirty versts off; then he lets his eye wander complacently down a steep road up which a long procession of empty carts is going. The Jew is a merchant from Odessa, who bought the crops before him as far back as three years ago from a nobleman in difficulties, and he is pleased by the sight of those carts, because he knows now that he will be able to get his wheat comfortably to Odessa before the September rains set in. The difficulty in Southern Russia is not to rear wheat, but to get it shipped; so when the aged Benjamins was laughing with Prince Nokin, the straitened nobleman above-mentioned, about the purchase of his harvests for three years, he took care to mention that it would require more than a hundred carts to carry the wheat to Odessa, and that after that there might be some trouble about getting a barn in which to store the wheat until it could be shipped. In fact, he described the purchase of the corn as quite a gambling speculation; and so it often is. But not to dealers like Benjamins. He never buys an acre of corn without being quite sure about its value, his barn, his ship, and his reapers; for, behold! even as he stands surveying that noble field at five in the morning, on a promising August day, a hundred or so of Prince Nokin's tenants come slouching out of their cottages with scythes and sickles, while a more distant group, coming from the Barine's castle, appear pushing before them a grand steaming machine. Prince Nokin, like all Russian landholders, invests largely in agricultural machinery, as a child would in toys if he had the money; and it was part of Benjamins's contract that he should have the Prince's machine at his disposal. Not one of the Russian peasants can work them, but Benjamins has brought with him a couple of sharp German ship-stokers, who know how to do everything more or less, and who soon light the fire under the engine and set the mower snoring, moving, and

A Minister Roughly Handled.

A local preacher had been preaching in the afternoon in a village not far from Newcastle, England, and having accompanied one of the chapel members to his wife, who was of course introduced to his wife, who appeared very glad to see him, and warmly pressed him for a full quarter of an hour to stay to tea. He at last consented. While all this pressing was going on, the husband was quietly standing by, preparing to wash his hands and face. The good lady then went to get the tea ready, and he was not long before both the tea and her temper were brewing; for hearing, as she thought, her dearly beloved washing, she made for the little window which he had opened, and looking out at the tea table, she saw three red raps on his bald pate, accompanied with the exclamation "I'll learn you to bring them hungry preachers here to tea every time they come to preach!"

As soon as the unfortunate individual could get the soap-suds out of his eyes he began to think what it all meant, but could come to no other conclusion than that the old lady had made a sad mistake which she also found out, for upon returning to the parlor, she saw her husband patiently awaiting his turn to wash.

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Portraits of the Presidents.

Healy's portraits of the Presidents of the United States, recently added to the Corcoran Art Gallery, are mainly the studies from which, about thirty years ago, he executed a commission from Louis Philippe, then King of the French. Those of the earlier Presidents are copies from Stuart and Harding, the others are from life. They were purchased of the artist by Thomas B. Bryan, Esq., together with the portraits of Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan and Lincoln, painted since the French royal order, and sold by him to the gallery. They are of various degrees of merit; one or two are quite bad, a greater number indifferently good, and a few really excellent. From some unexplained cause the portrait of General Harrison is not embraced in the collection. The directors are anxious to supply the omission, and two have already been forwarded them for inspection, with a view to their sale, but neither proved satisfactory. The better of these came from Louisville, and is the property of Mr. Oliver W. Lucas, Clerk of the Board of Aldermen of that city. It is by Mr. John H. Johnson, formerly of Cincinnati, but now in Baltimore, and was painted in 1840, about the time of the General's election to the Presidency. It is a tolerably correct likeness, but the colors are much faded, and it was considerably, though not irreparably, injured in its transportation. For these reasons and in the hope of securing a less objectionable one, the purchase was declined, and a. H. Beard painted several portraits of the General, which must still be in existence in a good state of preservation. The portrait of Mr. Lincoln was painted in 1860, during the pendency of the Presidential election or immediately thereafter, under an order from Mr. Bryan, then a citizen of "Quincy. The face is unshaven, which gives it a rather youthful look, without in the least impairing its native homeliness. Mr. Lincoln was in the habit of explaining that he "turned his beard loose" at the suggestion of a lady, whose knowledge of his personal appearance was confined to newspaper cuts, which failed to make him an agreeable subject. He was very clean-shaven, and his beard would add much to his beauty, and if he could be persuaded to cultivate them she would kiss him the first time they ever met. The gallant rail-splitter at once restricted his tonsorial operations to the upper and nether lips, leaving them free for the necessary reward, and in a few weeks garnished his cheeks, chin and throat with a hirsute adornment which puzzled Mrs. Lincoln and surprised his acquaintances without, as already intimated, enhancing his personal popularity. As the necessary conclusion to this "lower tail tale," it chanced that he and the unknown lady met, and the promised reward was claimed and received. He was never clean-shaven afterward. The next neglect of the Presidents (counting Jefferson as "good-third") is Zachary Taylor. His portrait somewhat refines the plain features of the rough and weather-beaten old soldier, but it very correctly represents him "as he lived."

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cutting. Presently this big machine is shoving the corn around it as easily and gracefully as a ship's keel slices the sea and lays it out in foam; and the Muscovite peasants, marvelling at the spectacle, rest idly on their scythes and utter exclamations of delight. But Benjamins lifts both his hands indignantly and calls on them to do their duty: "You lazy swine, do you think it's for this I give you each your ten kopecks a day? There'll be no kvas for you by and by if you don't bestir yourselves." Now kvas is a very small beer which the Russian peasants love. Prince Nokin's tenants set to with a will, and soon there are no sounds heard but their tolling scythes mingling with the swishing noise of their blades as they sweep through the corn in vigorous semicircles. Even women and children are at work with sickles; and as fast as sheaves can be made up little bands of tottering boys and girls carry them to the carts, where some sturdy lads pack them down tight till each cart holds a pyramid, which is covered with a tarpaulin. Then the carts set off, and old Benjamins, who has been surveying all the operations, returns to the field inwardly chuckling but outwardly morose. He never shows his fingers that he is pleased with them, else they might be asking for more kvas. Of this liquor each reaper gets as much as can make him glad, but no more; and Benjamins, as he prowls about, notes every skulker who, after doing less than his share of work, would like to secure more than his allowance of beverage: "Now, then, you hog, be off; I have more of your sort would ruin me. I shan't employ you to-morrow. These are the benches which Benjamins scatters about him as he stands in the shadow of a roadside fir tree, carefully protecting his venerable head from the sun's rays.

Advice to a Bank.

A steady individual, rural in his general appearance and make-up, strolled into the Third National Bank, Cincinnati during business hours, and observing Fab. Lawson, receiving teller, counting a package of money, nodded pleasantly, and said, "Still a banker, is it?" "Yes," replied Lawson, "still crowding it on the people."

"Ain't you a little too handy here?" continued the stranger. "How so?" said Fab. "Why, strangers pussin' long on the sidewalk and seen your sign so conspicuous, must be sure to be noted in every few minutes to borrow money."

"So they do," returned Lawson. "Ain't it a good deal of bother waitin' on 'em? Must take up a good deal of your time."

"Yes, it is some bother, that's a fact, but we like to accommodate everybody, you know. Can't turn away a stranger just because we ain't acquainted with him."

"Lose some, I suppose?" interrogated the stranger. "Oh, yes." "Folks drop in and get what money they want and then forget all about it. Or perhaps they send it in a letter and misdirect it. Awful careless, some people are about borrowing money," said the man.

"Owin' a good deal to keepin' your bank close on the sidewalk. Folks go by look up and see you countin' money, and then they suddenly remember they ain't got quite enough to see 'em through, and so quite naturally, they step in and borrow some of you. You can't very well refuse—hate to hurt their feelin's, and so they git away with you. Some mean folks in this world. Now, I wouldn't do it."

"No, you wouldn't do it." "Can't you see, I never borrowed a cent of no bank that I didn't pay?" "I'll bet you didn't," said Lawson, with emphasis.

"Now if I was runnin' a bank like you are continued the stranger. I'd keep it back in an alley where there wasn't so many strangers pussin'." "I wouldn't make no difference with me," "I know how banks are pestered. I never bothers 'em. 'Tain't my style. I could walk right past a mile on 'em and never even look in the window. But everybody ain't that way. What, ten cents?"

"Yes," said Fab, "that's all I can let you have to-day. You see there have been so many strangers in ahead of you this morning that our funds are running low. Take. Don't trouble yourself to send it back in a letter. When the bank wants it the bank will notify you."

The stranger thanked him, and again urging upon him the expediency of moving the bank on to some back street or alley, so not to attract the eyes of passing strangers so readily, the steady man took his departure.

How Eels are Caught.

Many persons who cross the upper ferry, on Hudson, may have noticed a row of small wooden boxes, about the size of an ordinary soap box, placed a few yards apart. These boxes have covers on top, and wire screens on the bottom to admit fresh water. These contain small eels which, at this season of the year, are caught by thousands near the State dam in the following manner: The agent of the fish commissioner proceeds to some small outlet or mill-tail at ebb tide or slack water, and with a small screen, similar to those used for sifting flour, which he dips into the eddies, sometimes gathering as many as a thousand at a dip. It is nothing unusual to gather a half million in one fishing. When caught they are placed in these boxes in running water, until enough are accumulated to make a shipment. They are then placed in ordinary milk cans, which contain about two inches of soft sewer mud with a packing wall of marsh grass, newly cut, upon which

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Five dollars each for announcements under this head, except in case of Commissioners, who are made for three dollars, cash.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

We are authorized to announce I. W. GRANT as a candidate for State Senator for the 7th senatorial district, composed of the counties of Calhoun and Cleburne.

I hereby respectfully announce myself a candidate to represent the people of the 7th senatorial district, composed of the counties of Calhoun and Cleburne, in the next State Senate of Alabama.

FOR PROBATE JUDGE.

To the people of Calhoun County: I take this method of announcing to the people that I shall be a candidate at the next election for Probate Judge in this county. I do not enter into this election as the representative of any political party, Democratic or Republican, but stand upon the platform of Independence, and in asking for the suffrages of the people, pledge myself that if elected, I will faithfully, honestly and zealously discharge the duties incumbent upon me in my official capacity.

We are authorized to announce I. W. CANNON as a candidate for Probate Judge of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce John Y. HENDERSON as a candidate for Probate Judge of Calhoun County.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce A. O. STEWART as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce W. J. SCOTT as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce B. J. MATTHEWS as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce GEO. L. BROWN as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce ALFRED M. MORGAN as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County. If elected, I will serve the people promptly.

We are authorized to announce D. J. CLARK as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR.

We are authorized to announce D. Z. GOODLETT as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce WASHINGTON DICKIE as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce J. M. WEBSTER as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

FOR TAX ASSESSOR.

We are authorized to announce JOHN L. HENDRICK as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce LON FERGUSON as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce M. G. MAHAFFEY as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

FOR CIRCUIT CLERK.

We are authorized to announce P. D. ROSS as a candidate for Circuit Clerk of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce SPARTAN ALLEN as a candidate for Circuit Clerk of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce J. O. A. FOX as a candidate for Circuit Clerk of Calhoun County.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce I. L. SWAN as a candidate for Treasurer of Calhoun County.

FOR COMMISSIONER.

The friends of A. J. DICKINSON announce him as a candidate for Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce M. H. FOULKE as a candidate for Commissioner of Calhoun County.

FOR BALIFF.

We are authorized to announce R. G. (Ved.) LER as candidate for Baliff of Calhoun County, and we are requested to add, he expects to be elected, if nobody runs against him.

Reduction of Taxes for 1880.

The act to fix the rate of taxation in this State, approved 13th of February, 1879, reduced the taxes for the year 1879 to seven tenths of one per cent., which, in other words, is seventy cents on the one hundred dollars worth of property. The same act for this year reduces the taxes to six and one half tenths of one per cent., which is sixty five cents on the one hundred dollars worth of property. The reduction ought not to stop here. It should be reduced to fifty cents on the one hundred dollars, at the next session of the Legislature. The county taxes for Calhoun for 1880 is thirty five cents on the one hundred dollars. We hope the Commissioners will reduce this at the proper time.

The National Democratic Executive Committee in the call for a National Convention calls attention to a Resolution adopted by the National Democratic Convention, requesting the States to instruct their delegates whether it is desirable to continue the two-thirds rule longer in force in National Conventions.

We are entirely in favor of the abolition of this rule, and hope the next State Convention will not only instruct delegates to the National Convention, but set the example by making a majority vote of all the Delegates sufficient for the nomination of State officers; and we want to see the principle applied in all other Conventions, if such should be held.

It may so happen, and often does happen that, where several candidates are running for an office, one is elected by considerably less than a majority of all the votes cast. Delegates in conventions are nothing more than the representatives of the voters. Why should it be required of a candidate before these delegates to get not only a majority of the votes cast, but a two-thirds majority? By the most ordinary position, coupled with a little party management, a sufficient element of opposition can be injected into a convention to defeat a very strong candidate before the people and compel his withdrawal from the race to give place to a weaker candidate before the convention, or a new man whose claims have not been canvassed before the people prior to the selection of delegates.

If we are to have conventions, we want to see the people fully and fairly represented in them and then let the "longest pole knock down the persuasion." Where party exigency does not otherwise require, we would rather see a free race and a fair field for all. Where party exigency demands, we are willing to lay down all personal objections or interests and follow the lead of our party; but in all instances we want to see a fair shuffle and no stocking of the cards. Under the two-thirds rule it is easy to organize defeat for avowed candidates and pave the way for the success of dark horses.

The non-arrival of our last shipment of paper necessitates the use of a ready print outside of an old date. Hence the correction of date with pencil on the outside of this issue. This is only the second shipment of paper that has missed us in over two years. We trust this explanation will be satisfactory to our readers.

The plan of nominating Circuit Judges and Chancellors, as recommended by State Executive Committee is a new departure. If the same delegates that nominate State officers have the nomination of the nomination of the Judges, the temptation to log roll will be very great.

TO THE VOTERS OF CALHOUN COUNTY.—I understand that it is claimed by some that I made a pledge in 1877 that, if elected, tax collector, I would not ask for the office again. I did remark to several during the canvass that, if elected, I would not want the office but the one term. This was entirely upon the belief that I would get it for three years, and collect three years taxes, but all are aware that I was cut out of one whole year's collecting, and under these circumstances, I do not think that there can be any man in Calhoun who would think of condemning me for again offering for the same office. I know of no other way to make up for lost time.

The National Democratic Executive Committee have issued a call for a National Democratic Convention to meet in Cincinnati, Friday the 22nd day of June next.

The Republican Convention will be held in Chicago.

In pursuance of the call of the Chairman of the State Executive Committee, that body met in the reading room of the Exchange Hotel, at 12 o'clock yesterday. The following members were present: Messrs. Bragg, Semple, Watts, Sayre and Fitzpatrick, of the Central Committee, and Messrs. Burke of Montgomery, Ford of Escambia, Gordon of Henry, Steele of Lowndes, Dawson of Dallas, Browne of Perry, Goodwyn of Blount, Clarke of Greene, Clements of Tuscaloosa, Walker of Jefferson, and Chairman Johnson of Dallas.

Mr. Jno. D. Brandon of Madison, was invited to participate in the deliberation of the Committee. A resolution was adopted fixing Wednesday, June 2nd, 1880, as the day for the meeting of the State Convention, and the Hall of the House of Representatives, at Montgomery, was determined upon as the place of said meeting.

A resolution was also adopted, fixing the vote of the gubernatorial election of 1875 as the basis of representation, and entitling each county to one delegate, and one vote in the convention for every two hundred votes and fractional parts thereof cast by the Democracy of the county at that election. The Committee adopted a resolution recommending to the counties that at the same time delegates are selected to represent them in the State Convention, they appoint delegates to make nominations for circuit judges and chancellors for their respective circuits and chancery divisions at the same time and place as are fixed for the holding of the State Convention.

We are authorized to publish the above as stating substantially the proceedings of the committee at their meeting on yesterday. We understand that the meeting of the committee was one of the most largely attended and most harmonious that has ever been held, all the members being thoroughly alive to the importance of the approaching election and resolved to let nothing deter them or the people they represent from doing their whole duty to their party in the vital struggle now just approaching. The large attendance of the members of the Committee evinces the determination of the people to strive for the party's triumph and angers well for the success of the Democracy in any position that may be brought into the field.

Bill Arp Serene.

I reckon it's all right for my friend, Mr. P., to show up the ugly side of farmer's life, for he don't want to mislead anybody, and have them blaming me hereafter for enticing them into trouble. So I think it's about fair for them to see the difference between him and me. But I have an idea that Mr. P. never did anything else but farm, and so he magnifies all of its little troubles and looks on the bright side of every business. It is very natural to do that. An old Roman by the name of Horace wrote something about it two thousand years ago, for he said, "I wonder what makes a man always discontented with his own trade, and think he could do something else a great deal better." Now I know from the way Mr. P. writes he is a smart man, and a philosopher, and just as amiable and sentimental as I am, but then, you see, I have tried so many things, and seen the good side and the bad side, that I am, I reckon, in a better frame of mind to appreciate the other side of farming (and I will say the majority of farming than he is. When I was a carpenter, I worked for a dollar and a half a day, and my employer begrudged the time I lost in whetting my plane-bit and sharpening my saw, and I cut my leg with a foot ailz, and fell down a two story ladder, and had a fight with another workman because I told him not to spit tobacco on the new floors. Then I tried selling goods for a few years, and learned a heap about the bad side of human nature, and if I didn't learn to be right straight out, I found a good many ways of suppressing the truth: I bought my goods on six months time and sold them on twelve, and I made a good many bad debts, and my books had a heap of entries of "G. T. T." which stood for "Gone to Texas." Somehow I couldn't refuse a friendly man credit, and would Judge around and get out of it. I remember, one day, when John Midlin and I wanted credit of some pinchers. He was a showmaker, and never paid a debt in his life; but then he was always so humble and friendly, that I told him we didn't have any shoe pinchers. The old rip looked disappointed, and, as he wandered around the store room, he saw 'em on the shelf, one pair on the outside of the paper as a sample. "Whar, William," said he, "there are some pinchers." But I rallied in time, for I was watching him, and says, "Well, John, you don't want them pinchers, they are solid steel, and will cost you two dollars and a half." Then he wanted to see them, and I reckon he saw that the price on the paper was 374 cents; but he just remarked, quietly: "I've always wanted a steel pair, and I'll just take these along." I never charged 'em at all, as I could not afford to lose two dollars and a half on the books by such a man as old Midlin; but I always thought they were mighty well sold, if I never did get the money.

After while, I got tired of the ups and downs of the business, and competition was cutting down the profits, and so I quit and wound up, and found that I was about even and had a whole lot of bad debts besides, that needed a lawyer. So I concluded I would study a little part of law myself and attend to my own business, even though I had a fool for a client. So I nuzzled Mr. Blackstone and two or three other books for two months, and then me and another fellow who was rich, and wanted the title of lawyer as an ornament, were examined together. I did know a little something, but he did not know anything; and when Howell C. L. wrote out the reports of the committee, the Judge read one of 'em, and said to the clerk, "Swear him in—swear him in." I heard him whisper to Cobb, "If anybody is fool enough to employ him, let 'em do it." When the clerk called up the other fellow, he was greatly relieved, for it turned out that my report was quite satisfactory, considering. So I stuck out my shingle, and cavorted around the Justices' courts considerably. I got along very well for a while, and if I had stayed there I expect I would have been a lawyer yet, but I moved over into a new circuit and found a new set, and before long I found out that most of them could out trick me and out lie me, and out slander me, and so I turned my attention to politics, and went to the Legislature, and in that way caught up with my professional brethren. When the war came on I joined the army, and when the war was over, I tried to merchandise again on a capital of twenty one dollar, and made some money, but I invested it in an orchard, and a vineyard on top of a mountain, and soon lost all I had made. Next I run a little newspaper a while, and liked it pretty well, but the printers union came along with its primary rule to dictate terms to me and run the machine, and so I got demoralized and quit.

Well, I am farming now, and am comparatively happy. I say comparatively for you see I compare it with everything else I have tried to do, and it is the best, a good deal the best. The fact is I have just so much trouble and money, and had so much trouble with other things, that I don't mind these little crosses my friend P. talks about. Nothing less than a house burning or being ground up by a rail, and all that kind of thing, would give me a good luck make a sort of a fool of me, anyhow, and I can't right myself unless I have a little trouble to settle me down like a balast settles a ship. Such little episodes as a mule with the cholic or the team running off the bridge just keep up a pleasant sensation, but I don't want any Jersey bulls about my premises, nor impudent darbies, and I won't say opinion.

I have the mule several different kinds of medicines and rubbed him with a rail, and he got all right, and I put up the runaway wagon. But when a mad bull broke a hole in a man, there's no remedy for it in these parts, that's certain. I don't fancy these Jersey mules now. I wouldn't give my old fashioned red cow for any of 'em. I reckon every farmer ought to have a Jersey cow to pet and make yellow butter, but for plenty of milk and good beef, the other sort is the best to my opinion.

So I am calm and serene, and Mrs. Arp is amiable, and the children reasonably happy, and it don't matter much what happens. I am not going to hunt round for trouble, and if it comes I'm not going to commit suicide; and if I am found suddenly dead anywhere, with a bullet hole in me, I want my friends to call the track dogs and go for the fellow that done it, without stopping to see if I didn't do it myself. Yours, BILL ARP.

Cartersville, Ga., Jan. 29, 1880. (Dixie Farmer.) Mrs. J. F. Grant, widow of Hon. J. F. Grant, for a number of years Treasurer of the State of Alabama, and one of the oldest editors of the South, has been on a visit to her daughter in this city. Mrs. J. H. Francis, the wife of our genial and talented friend, "Joe," Francis, well known as petition clerk of the House and also as an accomplished newspaper correspondent.—Washington Gazette.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun County, and to me directed, in favor of Oscar Crook and against A. Woods, I will proceed to sell, on Monday the 29th day of March, 1880, within the legal hours of sale, before the court house door, in the town of Jacksonville, Calhoun County, Ala., the following described real estate to-wit: An undivided half interest in the lot and mill known as the Woods and Clark mill, situated in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., and bounded on the north by G. B. Douthett's property, on the east and south by E. L. Woodward's property, on the west by Mrs. Abernathy's property, being and lying in section 14, township 15 and range 8, as the property of A. Woods to satisfy said fi fa. This Feb'y 27th, 1880.

D. Z. GOODLETT, Sheriff.

NEW DEPARTURE IN THE HARNESS AND BUGGY LINE.

The undersigned has made ample arrangements to do all work in his line more expeditiously, and at cheaper rates than ever before. A full line of ready made buggy and wagon material will be kept constantly on hand, and jobs of this character will receive instant attention. A full line of ready made harness material on hand enables him to make complete harness on very short order. Ready made harness of all grades will be also kept. He is determined not to be undersold. If you want a good article and at cheap rates, call on JOE. H. PRIVETT.

ATTACHMENT NOTICE.

Jeremiah Smith, a attachment suit pending in the Justice Court of Jas D. Martin (Precinct No. 13 in Calhoun County Ala. To James P. Martin: Whereas Jeremiah Smith has paid for and obtained an attachment against the estate of the said Jas D. Martin, which said attachment has been duly levied by summoning W. A. Scarborough administrator of the estate of C. M. Martin deceased, to appear and answer the garnishment in said cause. We are therefore hereby notified that said attachment suit is now pending in the said Justice Court in Precinct No. 13 in Calhoun County Ala, and that you appear at the April term thereof to wit: on the 1st day of April 1880, at the Court House and defend the same, if you see proper to do so. Given under my hand this 18th day of February 1880.

J. S. KELLY, Notary Public, ex officio J. P.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA.

In Probate Court for said County Regular Term Feb'y. 9th 1880. This day came B. S. Evans, Guardian of his minor children, and filed in Court his account and vouchers for a final settlement of his Guardianship. It is ordered that the 8th day of March 1880 be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, made on the 19th day of February, 1880, in a case of law of the Probate Court, the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of John J. Henderson, deceased, will sell, for cash to the highest bidder, at Jacksonville, Tuesday the 9th day of March 1880, the following described personal property to-wit: An unsettled interest in the firm of Henderson & Cothran, merchants, at Guntersville Ala. I note on Monroe Williams (colored) and I note on Prince Morgan (colored) both amounting to about \$50. I note on R. G. Reeves for \$15. I note on W. F. Jordan for \$10.

W. F. JORDAN, Executor.

UPPER? LOWER?

The undersigned has now in stock at the Western Station and will keep through the season a large supply of Patapasco Guano, Patapasco Acid Phosphate, Metastion Soluble Ammoniated Phosphate. The above brands will be sold on the most liberal terms either for cash or on credit. A supply sufficient to meet the local demand will be kept at Greensport and Anniston. All communications addressed to W. W. COOPER, Alexandria, Ala. or D. F. WEAVER, Weaver's Station, Ala. Jan'y. 31—2 mus.

NOTICE NO. 212.

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT MONTGOMERY, ALA. Jan. 24th, 1880. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Anna F. Tomlin, Homestead Entry No. 526 for the N. E. quarter of S. W. quarter, S. W. quarter of N. E. quarter, N. W. quarter S. E. quarter, S. E. quarter of N. W. quarter, of Section 28, Township 12 South, of Range 9 East and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Robert H. Savage and Richard T. Ray of Cleburne County, Ala.

PELHAM J. ANDERSON, Register.

STATE OF ALABAMA.

Calhoun County. County Special Term, Jan. 17th 1880. Lucinda Hall Decerned Estate of— This day came R. E. Lewis administrator of said estate, and filed his Statement, accounts and vouchers for a final settlement of his administration. It is ordered that the 16th day of Feb 1880 be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the making of such settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

NOTICE NO. 195.

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT MONTGOMERY, ALA. January, 17th 1880. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Meredith Lokey, Homestead Entry No. 5370 for the West half of N. W. q. of Section 28, Township 16 South, of Range 12 East and names the following as his witnesses, viz: William S. Williamson and John Thrasher of Cleburne County, Ala.

PELHAM J. ANDERSON, Register.

NOTICE NO. 184.

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT MONTGOMERY, ALA. Jan. 17th, 1880. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: James S. Carter, Homestead Entry No. 5410 for the S. E. q. of Range 11 East, Township 13 South, of Range 11 East and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Thomas Dye and Thomas Beasley of Cleburne County, Ala.

PELHAM J. ANDERSON, Register.

NOTICE NO. 185.

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT MONTGOMERY, ALA. Jan. 17th, 1880. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Andrew G. Huckerba, Homestead Entry No. 5475 for the W. q. of N. E. q. of Section 26 and W. q. of S. E. q. of Section 27, Township 13 South, of Range 11 East and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Wilson P. Howell and Thomas J. Ezzell of Cleburne County, Ala.

PELHAM J. ANDERSON, Register.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Under and by virtue of a mortgage executed to the undersigned by Sarah A. Adams and John F. Adams, and recorded on pages 506 and 507 of Book 11, 2nd Vol. records of mortgages in the office of the Probate Judge of Calhoun County, I will proceed to sell on the 24 day of March 1880, at Jacksonville in the legal hours of sale, the following described property to-wit: An undivided one-half interest in a twenty acre lot of land situated within the corporate limits of the town of Jacksonville, Ala., and being bounded on the north by J. W. Burke's residence lot; on the east by Mrs. E. J. Tate's lot; on the south by the lots known as the Lester, McGee, Weaver and Carroll lots, and lying in the S. E. 1/4 of Section 11, T. 14, R. 8 East in the Coosa Land District.

JAMES M. McLAUGHLIN, Mortgagee.

NOTICE NO. 180.

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT MONTGOMERY, ALA. Dec. 13th, 1879. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Francis M. Taylor, homestead entry No. 5599, for the N. W. 1/4 of fractional section 15, township 14 south, range 12 east, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: John W. Thompson, George P. Thompson, of Cleburne County, Ala.

PELHAM J. ANDERSON, Register.

NOTICE NO. 232.

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT MONTGOMERY, ALA. Feb. 14th 1880. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof on Tuesday, March 29, 1880 before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Calhoun County, at the County Seat, viz: Mary C. Bice, formerly Mary C. Mead, Homestead Entry No. 5463 for the Southwest quarter of Northeast quarter of Section 32, Town 13 South, Range 8 East and names the following as his witnesses, viz: David Seiber, Susanah H. Mead, Amanda Littlejohn and John C. Seiber of Jacksonville, Calhoun County, to prove settlement and cultivation of the above described tract of land.

PELHAM J. ANDERSON, Register.

Administrator's Notice.

Lectors of administration on the estate of J. F. Grant, deceased, having been granted the undersigned on the 15th day of March, 1879, by Hon. W. C. Cannon, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, Ala., notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present the same within the time prescribed by law or the same will be barred.

L. W. GRANT, Admr.

NOTICE NO. 187.

U. S. OFFICE AT MONTGOMERY, ALA. Jan. 17th, 1880. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of his notice, viz: Thomas B. Logan, Homestead Entry No. 5124 for the Lot No. 2, of Section 26, Township 12 south, of Range 12 East and names the following as his witnesses, viz: John W. Weaver and William E. Williams of Cleburne County, Ala.

PELHAM J. ANDERSON, Register.

NOTICE NO. 186.

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT MONTGOMERY, ALA. Jan. 17th, 1880. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Mary A. Malow, widow of Woodley B. Malow, Homestead Entry No. 5488 for the Northeast q. of Northeast q. of Section 25 and Southeast q. of Southeast q. of Section 24, Township 13 South, of Range 11 East and names the following as her witnesses, viz: Wilson P. Howell and Eliza P. Pitchford of Cleburne County, Ala.

PELHAM J. ANDERSON, Register.

NOTICE NO. 196.

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT MONTGOMERY, ALA. January 17th 1880. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: William S. Williamson, Homestead Entry No. 5268 for the N. E. q. of S. W. q. of Section 29, Township 16 South, of Range 12 East and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Meredith Lokey and John Thrasher of Cleburne County, Ala.

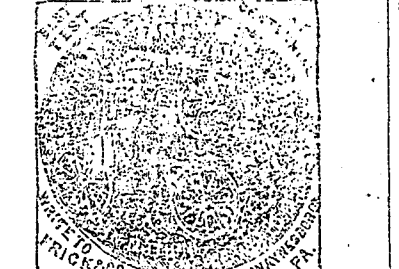
PELHAM J. ANDERSON, Register.

NEW HARNESS AND SADDLERY SHOP.

The undersigned having bought out D. J. Privett, will hereafter run a SADDLERY AND HARNESS SHOP, in connection with and in the same building with his carriage and wood shop. The business will be enlarged to meet the wants of the public, and orders for harness, saddles or harness will be filled at once at satisfactory prices. Repairing a specialty. Ready made goods in this line always on hand at prices that cannot be overvalued. TIE WAGON & BUGGY SHOP is fully supplied with first class material, and work turned out from it is guaranteed to give satisfaction, both as to price and quality. Custom respectfully solicited. JOE H. PRIVETT. Aug 30, 1879.

W. Z. OVERBAY, GENERAL AGENT.

For the Celebrated Rolipie Engines—All sizes—And Cotton Gins, Presses, Feed ers, Threshers, Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Reapers, Mowers, &c. ALL SIZES AND KINDS OF BELTING—Office at W. P. & E. L. PARR, Jacksonville, Ala.



Agents Wanted.

For particulars and terms address me, in care of W. P. & E. L. Parr, Oct 18 8m Jacksonville, Ala.

TAX ASSESSOR'S SECOND ROUND.

I will attend the places mentioned below, at the times stated for the purpose of assessing the State and County tax for the year 1880. Precinct No. 3—June Bug Monday March 1 1880. Precinct No. 15, Anniston, Tuesday March 2, 1880. Precinct No. 13—Oxford, Wednesday, March 3, 1880. Precinct No. 12—Darby Town Thursday, March 4, 1880. Precinct No. 11—White Plains, Friday, March 5, 1880. Precinct No. 10—Rabbit Town, Saturday March 6, 1880. Precinct No. 9—Cross Plains Monday March 8 1880. Precinct No. 16—Ladlign Tuesday March 9, 1880. Precinct No. 2—Alexandria Monday March 15, 1880. Precinct No. 5—Polkville, Tuesday, March 16, 1880. Precinct No. 14—Sulphur Springs—Wednesday, March 17, 1880. Precinct No. 4—Gunnaway's School H. Thursday, March 18, 1880. Precinct No. 7—Hollingsworth's Monday March 22 1880. Precinct No. 6—Pecks Hill Tuesday March 23 1880. Precinct No. 8—Greene's School House, Saturday, March 27 1880. Precinct No. 1—Jacksonville Monday March 29 1880. Parties are requested to meet me promptly at these appointments. A. B. LEDBETTER Tax Assessor Calhoun Co. March 7—41

STATE OF ALABAMA.

Calhoun County. Probate Court for said County special Term Jan. 6th 1880. This day came J. Y. Henderson, guardian of Precious J. Wagon formerly Precious L. Satcher, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of his said Guardianship. It is ordered that the 23rd day of Feb. 1880 be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

Calhoun College,

MALE AND FEMALE.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

The Sixty Session of this Institution will commence on the second Monday in Jan., 1880, and continue five months.

EXPENSES PER SESSION.

Primary—Spelling, Reading, Writing, Primary Arithmetic, &c. \$10 00 Intermediate—Spelling, Reading, Writing, Geography, &c. 15 00 Academic—Practical and Commercial Arithmetic, Practical Eng. Gram., Philosophy, Rhetoric, History, Geography, &c. 20 00 Collocation—The Sciences, Latin and Greek Languages, the Higher Mathematics, and all the branches usually taught in our colleges, 25 00 Elocutionary Reading and Declamation by the pupils throughout the session. 25 00 No shows, exhibitions nor concerts tolerated in connection with the school. Those pupils, and those only, are wanted who are fully determined to comply cheerfully with the regulations of this Institution, and who are willing to work earnestly and zealously as they are directed. Board in good families at from \$8 to \$10 per month. For further particulars address: W. J. BOWEN, Principal.

FOUND AT LAST!

An Infallible Pile Remedy. Let the Afflicted Give it a Fair Trial. Having been a sufferer for eight years; having sought relief at the hands of the surgeon, the physician and the compounder, but in vain, I concluded that somewhere in the great store-house of nature a cure and effective remedy could be found. To prove this faith that was in me, I went diligently to work to make the discovery. I spent hours, days, weeks and months searching, testing, reasoning, experimenting with different, plausible, but untried, remedies, but to no purpose; I did not find the cure I sought. And after five years I was enabled to say EUREKA! I am now entirely relieved. The remedy is a compound of four different, yet

Notice change of advertisement
Joe H. Privett.

The lines on the death of John
Ham, sent to this office, will
appear next week.

Esquires F. M. Savago and J.
Graham have been elected
Justices of the Peace for Beat 16.

Right Reverend C. T. Quintard,
Bishop of Tennessee, will preach
Annisson Sunday morning the
10th.

We have on hand now and will
keep constantly for sale Chatte
mortgage blanks, Crop lien blanks,
and Deeds and Deeds of Trust.

Rev. J. S. Pitter, of Charleston,
S. C., Cumberland Presbyterian,
will preach at the Presbyterian
Church at this place the fifth Sun
day of this month.

We are authorized to announce
that W. Nesbit as a candidate for
the sale of the cheapest and best
book store on the market. He
has a splendid bake oven free
with every stove. Go and see him.

Parties are raising funds to build
a new church at or near the site
of Green's school house in Beat 8.
The subscription list is now large
enough to justify the expectation
that a new church building will
be erected at that point soon.

Mr. Jeter, who has invented
valuable agricultural implements,
has moved into town and will oc
cupy the same residence with his
father, who recently moved to
his place from Georgia. They
will jointly push the sale of the
new patents.

Joe McClatchy has removed tem
porarily to Centre and will proba
bly remain there the summer. We
commend him to the people of
Centre as a thoroughly upright,
intelligent and industrious man.
Everybody will like him after they
are acquainted with him.

Bishop Quintard and wife are
visiting Anniston, and are the
guests of Mr. Sam'l Noble. They
will remain two or three weeks.
We would be glad if the congrega
tion of St. Luke's church here
would induce the Bishop to preach
here some day during his visit to
this section.

The Jacksonville Hook and Ladder
company met at their Hall on
February 18th, President Gladden
in the Chair. The roll being called
the following members were found
absent: Simon Crow, Dennis Nis
bet. All members present paid
their dues. On motion of Mr.
Archer, parade was appointed for
Saturday week, the 28th inst.
There being no other business, the
company adjourned to meet on the
2nd Thursday night of next month.
JAMES HUTCHINSON,
Sec'y.

Monday the alarm of fire was
given, and it was soon ascertained
to be in the roof of the Republican
office. Sections of the stove pipe
had parted and let the smoke and
sparks ascend through the attic to
the roof, which but for the timely
presence of the fire department
and citizens both white and black,
would soon have been in flames. If
the office had burned the entire
block on the South side of
the public square would have been
swept away, and the loss of prop
erty would have been very heavy.
Great credit is due the fire depart
ment and citizens for the prompt
extinguishment of the flames, and
for our part, we return each and
all sincere thanks for their exer
tions in this direction.

MIDDLE ORCHARD.—We are
having delightful weather, and en
joy the cool frosty mornings. The
farmers are busy as bees, improv
ing their lands. A good many
spring oats have been sown. Think
there will be more grain raised
here this year than usual, which
will be better than raising cotton
to buy corn. A. Dickinson is
erecting a new saw-mill. James
Adair has returned to Reids
mill. Miss Bettie Dixon and
brother, from Cherokee, have been
visiting relatives in this vicinity.
Our young people attended a party
at R. Hollingsworth's recently,
which was quite a success.

Departed this life on Sabbath
morning last, at the residence of
Mrs. W. H. his daughter, Prof.
Barclay, after a painful and ling
ering illness.

Rev. Mr. Porter has arrived
and will preach in the Presbyte
rian church to-morrow (Sunday.)

In Memory.

In memory of Mrs. Eliza Ann
Jeffries, who under a sudden at
tack of pneumonia, fell asleep in
Jesus, on the 14th of Feb. 1880,
at the residence of her son-in-law
Prof. W. P. McKeller, Childers
burg Ala.

Mrs. JEFFRIES
was the daughter of Thomas
and Eliza Ann Anderson, was
born in Edgefield Dist., South
Carolina, Jan. 15th 1807, there
fore at her death was in her 74th
year. In 1830, she was, upon the
confession of her faith in Christ
immersed and joined the Baptist
Church at the Lester Springs,
Edgefield Dist. South Carolina.
On the evening of the 12th of
November 1833, she was married
to H. L. Jeffries, by Rev. Chas.
D. Mallory. In 1840, preferring to
take the bible and the bible alone
for her rule of faith and practice,
she with her husband united them
selves to the Christian Congrega
tion, known as Disciples, of the
Church of Christ, in Augusta Ga.,
in which connection she lived in
faith, hope, and love, until she
passed into that divine rest pre
pared for the people of God. Her
pure piety and implicit trust in
Christ as her Savior, her love for
God her heavenly father, her
knowledge of, and love for the
word of God, especially the New
Testament, made her ever cheerful
and happy. Her kindness of heart,
social character and ever readiness
to excuse, forgive and cover the
faults of others, together with her
patience, meekness and gentleness,
was indeed remarkable, and won
the love and admiration of all.

DEAR FRIENDS:
In our musing, do we apprehend
what a glorious event it is for the
pure in heart to die.

OUR MOTHER,
who had long been our guar
dian angel, changed worlds, and
when the sunlight of the eternal
world fell upon her brow, we saw
in her placid face, the radiance of
a smiling angel; when we looked
into her tender eyes, and gazed
upon her smiling countenance, we
saw as others did, that her mortal
garments had waxed old and feeble,
but it was not to us a symbol of
decay, for in her long past, and
within and beyond, we recognized
her, in all her beauty, loveliness
and eternal happiness.

Her long life with its youthful
romance, its prosaic cares, its
quiet sunshine, as well as its
trials and troubles was culminat
ing to its close and as the end
drew near, all clouds, fogs and
mists rolled away, she stepped
forth with oil in her lamp, accom
panied by angels and entered into
the brilliancy of God's eternal son.
Oh, then we felt that it would be
selfishness to weep, and could
but join in congratulations, for her
life was beautiful and her death
triumphant. Beside her couch we
sat and traced with loving fancy
the new life then opening before
her, yea with tears and smiles we
recognized it. Doubts never ap
peared in our view, for from earli
est childhood, we have no memo
ries of her inconsistencies, in word
or in deed, to that of a true
christian. Throughout the last day
she said but little, but her serene
and happy countenance gave abun
dant evidence that angels were
taking her to their companionship.
Without a sigh or the move of a
muscle, she resigned her worn out
body to us.

While her immortal soul clothed
in the bridal garments, which she
had woven, washed and made
white in the blood of the Lamb,
joined the Bridegroom and entered
Heaven.

SWEET MOTHER,
She is breathing vernal zephyrs
now, and with every breath a
spring like life and joy are wait
ing through her being. Mother, beau
tiful and beloved, some sweet em
brace of joy fills the chambers of
our hearts, as we contemplate the
scenes with which you are becom
ing familiar; which greatly com
penses your aged husband and de
voted

CHILDREN.

Judge Rice and the Connaught
Attachment.

I met Judge Sam Rice, of Montgom
ery, the other day, and asked him what
his political status was at present. "I
am," said he with that indelible
look of humorous gravity, "a political
free dealer on a Democratic basis, with
Republican variation and a Connaught
attachment."

"What is a Connaught attachment?"
I asked him.

"Didn't you ever hear of that? There
was an Irish company went out of New
Orleans into the Confederate army.
They had been in camp a long time and
were getting rusty for the lack of a fight.
One evening a shock-headed fellow arose
and, stripping off his coat, remarked
casually that 'the jindlemans from Lin
coln had been in the camp in the
trunkin' at an eye.'"
—In an instant a bright eyed fellow was
to the front remarking that "the jind
leman from Tipperary could walk through
the jindlemans from Limerick without
the least bit of trouble."
At this juncture a tall fellow from the
outside strode in and stated politely that
"the jindlemans from Connaught would
like to take part in the coming enter
tainment, and in order to save the jind
lemen already engaged from any embar
rassment, the jindlemans from Connaught
would further remark that he didn't give
a damn which side he fought for, but
that the Judge had said, 'you can win
undoubtedly when I say I am
working with the Connaught attach
ment.'"

NOTICE.

The Board of Education will
meet in Jacksonville the fourth
Saturday in this month. All per
sons expecting to teach during this
year, are expected to be present,
for examination; except those who
have unlimited license.

Township Superintendents are
earnestly requested to be present.
G. BRYANT RUSSELL.

SPRINGVALE STOCK FARM.

JAMES CROOK,
—BREEDER OF—
Thorough-bred Merino
Sheep, Angora Goats,
Herd Registered
Jersey Cattle,
Berkshire and Essex
Hogs,
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

NOTICE NO. 188.

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT
MONTGOMERY, ALA.
Jan 17th, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the fol
lowing named settler has filed notice of
his intention to make final proof in sup
port of his claim, and secure final entry
thereof at the expiration of thirty days
from the date of this notice, viz:
William Sovern, Homestead Entry
No 6364 for Fraction 1/4 of Section 22
and Northeast 1/4 of Northwest 1/4
of Section 27, of Township 13 North, Range 11
East and names the following as his
witnesses, viz: Wilson P. Howell and
W. F. Davidson of Cleburne County,
Ala.

WELHAM J. ANDERSON,
Register.

ATTACHMENT NOTICE.

Joseph A. Jones
vs
Henry Clews.

Whereas Joseph A. Jones having ap
plied to the undersigned as Clerk of the
Circuit Court of the County of Calhoun
and State of Alabama, after having
made the affidavit and taken the bond
prescribed by the laws of Alabama, for
an attachment against the property of
Henry Clews and having obtained the
same returnable to the next term of the
Circuit Court of said County and State,
and whereas it is made to appear that
the said Joseph A. Jones is a resident
of said County and State, and the said
Henry Clews is a resident of the City
and State of New York.

Now therefore this is to notify the
said Henry Clews that said attachment
has been issued, and levied on the
Southwest quarter of the Southwest
quarter of Section 12, the West half of
the Northwest quarter of Section 13
and the West half of the Northwest quar
ter of Section 14 all in Township 16
of Range 8 East in the Coosa Land Dis
trict of said State of Alabama, is now
pending before said Circuit Court, and
that if the said Henry Clews does not
appear at the next term of said Circuit
Court at the time and place of holding
the same, to wit: on the 5th day of
April, A. D. 1880 in the town of Jack
sonville, Alabama, then and there to
answer to the complaint of the said
Joseph A. Jones, Plaintiff in said at
tachment, judgment will be rendered
on said attachment, and be as conclusive
against the said Henry Clews as if he
were present to answer and defend the
same; and that upon said judgment ex
ecution with interest, order of sale be made
and other and further process in relation
thereto, be had as the law in such case
made and provided, may direct author
ize or require.

Given under my hand this 13th day
of January A. D. 1880.
G. B. DOUGHTT, Clerk.

THE GENUINE

DR. C. McLANE'S

Celebrated American

WORM SPECIFIC

OR

VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden
colored, with occasional flushes, or
a circumscribed spot on one or both
cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pu
pils dilate; an azure semicircle runs
along the lower eyelid; the nose is ir
ritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds;
a swelling of the upper lip; occasional
headache, with humming or throbbing
of the ears; an unusual secretion of
saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath
very foul, particularly in the morning;
appetite variable, sometimes voracious,
with a gnawing sensation of the stom
ach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting
pains in the stomach; occasional
nausea and vomiting; violent pains
throughout the abdomen; bowels ir
regular, at times costive; stools slimy;
not unfrequently tinged with blood;
belly swollen and hard; urine turbid;
respiration occasionally difficult, and
accompanied by hicough; cough
sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy
and disturbed sleep, with grinding of
the teeth; temper variable, but gener
ally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms
are found to exist,

DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE

will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY

in any form; it is an innocent prepara
tion, not capable of doing the slightest
injury to the most tender infant.

The genuine DR. McLANE'S VER
MIFUGE bears the signatures of C. Mc
LANE and FLEMING BROS. on the
wrapper.

DR. C. McLANE'S

LIVER PILLS

are not recommended as a remedy "for all
the ills that flesh is heir to," but in affec
tions of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints,
Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of
that character, they stand without a rival.

AGUE AND FEVER.

No better cathartic can be used preparatory
to, or after taking Quinine.

As a simple purgative they are unequalled.

Beware of Imitations.

The genuine are never sugar coated.

Each box has a red wax seal on the lid with
the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

Each wrapper bears the signatures of C. Mc
LANE and FLEMING BROS.

NEW GOODS! ADDED ATTRACTIONS!

The undersigned has recently removed from depot Street to the
Red Store on Public Square, and has largely increased his line of first
class

FAMILY GROCERIES,
both Staple and Fancy, which he is prepared to sell at rock BOTTOM
PRICES. My stock is very complete, and embraces every thing in
this market. The highest price paid for Country produce either in
cash or barter.
C. W. BREWTON.

ALSO,
Agent for the sale of the celebrated Patapeto Guard. Kept in stock
at Jacksonville during the season. Sold for cash, or cotton option.
Call for circulars.
C. W. BREWTON.
Jan. 31 st, 18

JOHN M. HILL & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

LIQUORS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, &C.,
16 Decatur Street, Atlanta, Ga.

FAMILY FAVORITE.

THE IMPROVED
WHEEL
Sewing Machine.

LOCK STITCH.
VERY LIGHT RUNNING.
VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

We sell with this excellent Machine 6
different sized Hemmers, 1 Quilter, 1
Corder, 1 Gatherer, 1 Tacker, 1 Muller,
making 11 attachments, or more than
are given with any other machine.

PRICE ONLY ----- \$30.

Call and examine the machine at
ROWAN, DEAN & CO.,
Sep 13—3m Jacksonville, Ala.

Undertakers Notice.

Mr. Jno. H. Crawford having re
moved from Jacksonville, the un
dersigned, at his request, will in
the future keep on hand Coffins,
Metallic cases and burial Caskets,
and will assist on burial occasions
as Mr. Crawford did while in the
undertaking business here.
L. A. WEAVER.
Jan 4—3m

REMOVAL.

A. M. LANDERS

Has recently removed his Family Grocery,
Bar and Billiard Saloon to the store rooms
formerly occupied by Whitson and Lott
skill. In the front room he has a choice line
of

Family Groceries

of all kinds, both staple and fancy, cigars,
tobacco &c. In the rear room is the bar,
where has been fitted up and furnished with
the best liquors in market. The billiard ta
ble has been placed up stairs in a large and
comfortable room where gentlemen can play
a game free from interruption.
Respectfully,
A. M. LANDERS.
Jan 2nd 18

CHILDREN'S SCHOOL.

FEMALE ACADEMY BUILDING.

Mrs. Ida Woodward will open at
the Female Academy, Monday,
January 12th her school for chil
dren, and will continue the session
five months.

TERMS.—Spelling Reading and
Mental Arithmetic, \$1.00 per
month. Higher classes, \$1.50 per
month, payable at the end of each
month.

Berrys & Co.,

WHOLESALE

GROCER,

Commission Merchants,

AND

COTTON FACTORS,

Home, Georgia.

Liberal Cash Advances made on
COTTON AND PRODUCE Consigned to us

Sight Restored!

The undersigned having had remarkable
success in treating numerous cases of eye
diseases, and of sight, and per
sons suffering from any infirmity of the
eyes, impaired vision, etc., desires to make
known to the public how such sufferers may
avail themselves of his successful remedies.
The following certificates—obtained with
out solicitation—speak for themselves.
Persons desiring treatment can be visited by
me if preferred. A. J. KIRK,
White Plains, Ala.

DAVIDSON, Ala., Dec. 19th, 1879.

This is to certify that Dr. A. J. Kirk has
been treating my eye for one, and they are
much better—think they will get entirely
well. Heartily recommend him to all afflicted
with the eye.
J. F. DAVIS.

This is to certify that Lucinda McDowell's
eye became affected by loss of sight four or
five years ago, and remained so till three or
four weeks since, when she went under the
treatment of Mr. Andrew Kerr, and in six
or eight days afterward she could see with
that eye as well as ever.

—I certify that this is a true statement
with regard to my daughter.
JNO. W. McDOWELL.
Dec. 26th, 1877.

STATE OF ALABAMA, BROWNS CHURCH,
Feb. 7th, 1879.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that my grand-daughter,
Nancy Griffith, was afflicted with sore eyes
for three years, to such an extent that she
could scarcely see to go about. Six months
ago Mr. A. J. Kerr came and treated her
for treatment, and in our astonishment, she
could soon see to thread the finest needle,
or do any kind of fine sewing. I hereby
recommend Mr. Kerr's medicine to any per
son similarly afflicted.
Given under my hand, day and date as abo
mentioned.
W. N. CHANDLER.

ED. G. CALDWELL,

(At the old Forney Corner.)

Has on hand the best brands of Chew
ing and Smoking TOBACCOES, in
cluding the popular Swanson's Pride and
the celebrated Durkan Smoking Tobac
co's. He has the largest stock of CIG
ARs in Town. Among his brands
you will find the Solace, Margarita, Roy
al, Standard and the favorite Tidal
Wave.

Chocolate, Ice-cream, Imported Chow
Chow, Boston Baked Beans, Salmon &
Canned Goods in great variety at
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Meat,
Potatoes, Mackerel, Macaroni & Cheese
at

Cheap Groceries for Cash at
the old Forney Corner.

Fresh Lard at

Ed. G. CALDWELL'S.

Fresh Meat at

Ed. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy anything in the
GROCERY line CHEAP for
CASH at

Ed. G. CALDWELL'S.

Go buy one of those fine Flows of the
Towers patent at

Ed. G. CALDWELL'S.

splendid lot of new Tin ware at

Ed. G. CALDWELL'S.

Finest article of kerosene oil at

Ed. G. CALDWELL'S.

New lot of stone-ware at E. G.

CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy TEN pounds of
RICE for \$1 00 at

E. G. CALDWELL'S

YOU can buy 10 pounds of
SUGAR for \$1 00 at

E. G. CALDWELL'S

Salt at manufacturers' prices at

E. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy 5 pounds of good
COFFEE for ONE DOLLAR at

ED. CALDWELL'S.

Queensware at

Wholesale.

French China in Sets or by the single
piece.

SILVER PLATED GOODS

Fine and CHEAP Table knives & Forks,
Tin-ware, Wooden-ware, Glass-ware,
Lamps, and Lamp-glasses.

Orders solicited from merchants.
We will duplicate any bill that can
be bought in a better place.

J. B. CARBER & Co.,
China Hall, Rome, Ga.

Jan 28—3m.

Grand Reduction in Prices.

B. F. CARPENTER

HAS JUST RECEIVED.

A LARGE AND

COMPLETE

Assortment

of Family Grocer
ies, which he proposes
to sell at bottom prices. Very
best brands of Coffee, Sugar, Tea,
Finely Flavored Cigars, Western Bacon,
Meal, Snowdrift Flour, Molasses, Crockery,
Hardware, Kerosene oil, Buckets, Tin
ware. Every thing kept in a well
stocked grocery establishment.
He also has on hand a large
assortment of Harness,
Saddles, Bridles,
made of the
very best
leath
er,
and
designed
and executed
by workmen of
superior skill. He in
vites all to call, or he is
determined to sell at such pri
ces as to deserve the patronage of
the public. Give him a call, and ex
amine his prices, before going elsewhere.

ORBAT BARGAINS IN

Pianos & Organs.

H. A. SMITH

HOME, GA.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Bookseller and Music Dealer

Has just received from the Manu
facturers, the

Largest Stock of Pianos

ever brought to this market. These Instru
ments having been bought for cash at

LOW PRICES,

will be sold to cash customers at

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER KNOWN

in this country.

Purchasers, by calling early, can have the
advantage of selection from the large stock
on hand. Large lot of School & Miscellane
ous Books always on hand, at Low Rates.

W. W. HARRISON,

Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE OVER

CARPENTER'S STORE

SEND FOR A

COOLONG TEA
At **40** Cts. per lb.
FROM
Thompson Black's Son & Co.
No. 1613 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.
DEALERS IN
Choice Family Groceries
of Every Description.

THERMOMETERS. Opera Glasses, Micro-
Eyo Glasses, Spectacles, and other opti-
cal Instruments, at Wholesale and Retail.
Reduced Prices, R. & J. BROWN, Opti-
cian, Philadelphia, Philadelphia.
For Illustrated Catalogue of 100 pages
mention this paper.

PURE TEAS. Agents who sell to
hotels and restaurants, the
largest stock in the country; quality
the best. Country storekeepers a specialty.
THE WELLS TEA COMPANY
201 Fulton Street, N. Y. F. O. B. 1887

EXODUS
To the best lands, in the best climate, with the
markets, and on the best terms, along the
3,000,000 ACRES
Mainly in the Famous
RED RIVER VALLEY OF THE NORTH
On long time, low prices and easy payment.
Pamphlet with full information mailed free.
D. A. MCKINLAY, Land Com'r.
St. P. M. & N. R. V. St. Paul, Minn.

ESTABLISHED 1848.
MORGAN & HEADLEY
Importers of Diamonds
AND
Manufacturers of Spectacles
613 SANSON Street, Philadelphia
Illustrated Price List sent to the
on application.

A BARE CHANCE FOR AGENTS.
THE COMPLETE HOME
By Mrs. J. JULIA McNAUL Watson.
The theme is one upon which the women
to bear the fruits of years of research, travel
and travel, both in this country and abroad.
The full-page colored plates, illustrating
the *Modern* *Science* are of the highest
good taste. No work treating this subject
has heretofore been offered, and hence agents
have a clear field. Complete price upon
the great book of the year.
For full description, send for it, address the
Publishers,
36 S. SEVENTH ST., Philadelphia

AGENTS READ THIS
We will pay Agents a Salary of \$100 per
month, and expenses, or a Commission of 10%
on all sales of new and wonderful inventions. No money
Advance. Free. Address: **SHERMAN & Co., N. York**

When Trade is Dull, Judicious
Advertising Sharpens It.
HOW TO ADVERTISE.
See PETTINGILL
WHEN TO ADVERTISE.
See PETTINGILL
WHERE TO ADVERTISE.
See PETTINGILL
WHEN TO ADVERTISE.
See PETTINGILL

[illegible]

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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EVERY YEAR.

The spring less of brightness

Every year.

And the snow a ghastly whiteness,

Every year.

Nor do summer flowers chicken,

Every year.

Nor autumn fruits thicken,

Every year.

As they once did, for they sicken

Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,

Every year.

As the heart and soul grow older,

Every year.

I care not now for dancing,

Every year.

Or for eyes with passion glowing,

Every year.

Love is less and less enflaming,

Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,

Every year.

Of the charms of friendship ended,

Every year.

Of the ties that still might bind me,

Every year.

Until Time to Death resign me,

Every year.

My infirmities remain me,

Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us,

Every year.

While the cloud grows darker o'er us,

Every year.

When we see the blossoms faded,

Every year.

That to bloom we might have aided,

Every year.

And immortal garlands braided

Every year.

To the past go more dead faces,

Every year.

As the loved leave vacant places,

Every year.

Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,

Every year.

And to come to them great us,

Every year.

And to come to them great us,

Every year.

And to come to them great us,

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And to come to them great us,

Every year.

And to come to them great us,

Every year.

The two farmers trotted briskly along the turnpike, and walked their well fed horses quickly up the hill, reaching their destination in an hour.

When Rees shook hands with Kezia, he little thought what a flutter she was in. But he remembered Malley's advice, and the necessity of his household, and tried to gather up his wits for the emergency of his case. When he looked at Kezia in an absent sort of way, he found himself wondering what sort of thing a wife was, and whether she would be more or less troublesome than a housekeeper. By degrees he took to admiring her round, fair face, and comely figure, and all of a sudden a vision of his youth flitted before his cloudy mind. He suddenly burst out laughing.

"Do you remember, spelling opportunity behind the door with me? What fun it was!" he said, his sides shaking at the pleasant recollection.

Francis Tygwyn's sides shook all the old fellow began to cough; but Kezia colored as vividly as she had probably done on the memorable occasion alluded to.

"I'll be back directly—I must take my cough mixture," said Francis, hastily leaving the room.

Rees' memory vanished with him, and when he and Kezia were left alone he had nothing more to say. He had a comfortable glass of spirits and water, delicately flavored with lemon, before him, and he began to stir it.

It was now Kezia's turn to have nothing to say, for she was a shy woman, and in love, if Rees was not. She began to make up the fire, and while nervously heaping on blocks of wood, a spark flew out and caught her white muslin apron. An inspiring little flame was the consequence, which she was about to extinguish, to the danger of her hands. When Rees jumped up and took her in his arms. He had no intention, anterior or ulterior, but that of putting out the fire, whereas he kindled a new one, being himself suddenly all aflame.

I came on purpose to marry you. Will you have me?" he said boldly, when Kezia had managed to relieve herself.

"Thank you, Mr. Rees. Yes, if you please," she replied, gratefully, for had not the comfortable farmer been her life-long love.

There is certainly no accounting for dreams, or, indeed, for proposals. Rees, Manorgwyn, could never account for his, and would probably have slept it off with his spirits and water had not Kezia had a father. Happily for her, he was not an absent man, and, returning just as the words we have quoted were spoken, he ratified them with his blessing.

The news soon spread far and wide that the "young couple" were engaged and more jokes were made over those two commonplace words than would have filled Joe Miller's best book.

"That's my doing. Now I must keep master up to it," said Malley; and so she did.

He was quite forgetting to visit his sweet heart, but at last he got in the habit of riding once a week to Tygwyn and would probably have continued it to his dying day, but for Kezia's father. He was for naming the wedding day as soon as politeness permitted, and as Rees would not, and Kezia could not do this, he took it on himself.

So through him the day was appointed. On the eventful morning Malley was early at the farm, but his master was abroad before her. He had forgotten it was his wedding-day. However they managed it so that he was still in good time to meet the bride and her party at the church.

Rees, standing near the altar, looked about him inquiringly.

"What are we here for, my dear?" he whispered to Kezia, the bride.

"Why, you are going to be married, Mr. Rees."

"To be sure. Come along, my dear," he said, holding out his hand to Kezia, who pushed Kezia towards him.

The clergyman was a friend of Rees, and acquainted with his peculiarities. He therefore held him to his point during the marriage service, and when he appeared oblivious, recalled him by a whispered, "Repeat after me."

So the ceremony was then performed at last, and Rees experienced the truth of the proverb, "All comes to those who can wait." Matrimony came to him after twenty-five years' expectancy, and she was content. So, in a manner, was Rees, who had never expected it at all.

He galloped back to Tygwyn side by side, with their friends following, where they feasted and staid, and entertained all the country, until they set out again and galloped to Manorgwyn.

Kezia slipped into her place so naturally that at the end of a week he was heard to declare that he believed he had been married all his life, and at the end of a fortnight he was sure of it.

"I never forgot anything now," he asserted, pointing to his new Memory.

He was, nevertheless, occasionally oblivious when absent from her; a fact she realized thirteen days after the wedding. She accompanied him to Trefavon Fair, already alluded to, and it was agreed between them, as they bowed along in his dog-cart, that when he had finished his business, and she her shopping and calls, he would pick her up at Mr. Jones the doctor's.

Trefavon Fair was unusually brisk that day, and Rees unusually busy. However, evening came and he started home. On the way something seemed strange to him, and he kept repeating at intervals:

"I'm sure I've forgotten something. What can it be?"

He had dismounted, and was in the passage, when he exclaimed:

"Where's my missus?"

"That's it! I knew I had forgotten something," cried the abashed husband. "Put the little mare in and drive to Dr. Jones's and fetch her. If I go, maybe I shall get again. I ought never to have married."

"What shall she say?" he thought. "Will she go out to me and send me out of my mind, or will she sulk and be silent?"

That's what they say the women do, and I darsay the men deserve it. I'm sure I do. I wonder when I lost my memory, and where I dropped it.

When Rees arrived at this portion of his mental castigation he grew so confused that he would probably have forgotten Kezia again, had not the sound of wheels aroused him. He felt too much ashamed of himself to go out to meet her, but started into the fire as if ignorant, of her arrival. A peal of hearty laughter made him start and turn round. It was Kezia, looking so good, tempered and buxom that he laughed too, and Rees instinctively.

"You will never hear the last of it. The doctor said you had forgotten me!" she exclaimed.

"I suppose I had, but I'll try never to forget you again, let's spell opportunity. They speak it so long that the wainscot echoed, and from that time forth it is recorded that, thanks to his wife, he gradually picked up his memory."

"If we had married young I should never have lost it," said he.

"Better late than never," replied she.

The murder of Mary Stannard in Connecticut, and the arrest of the Rev. Mr. Hayden on the charge of being the murderer, are fresh in memory. His trial is soon to come off, and science has been preparing the testimony. Professor White has had Mr. Hayden's knife-blade under his microscope, and has examined every speck thereon.

"What did you find on it? Judge Harlan asked him at the preliminary examination."

"Blood."

"What kind of blood?"

"Human blood."

And the Rev. Mr. Hayden looked as interested and innocently earnest at the Professor while this testimony was going on as the student does to the Professor in college at the climax of an experiment in natural philosophy. He afterward told, and his wife told, how the blood got there.

"Just so," Lawyer Jones said; "blood gets on the pen-knife at times of all of us. Mr. Hayden had cut his finger." Then Professor White was obliged to admit that science had not yet got so far as to be able to distinguish Mary Stannard's blood from the Rev. Mr. Hayden's. So the blood specks on the knife went for naught with the Justice, and he discharged Mr. Hayden.

But science did not let go of the case. The microscope, chemicals, measurements, keen eyes, hours of patient work on a speck that a breath would blow away, have, it is now said, made a discovery. The muscles of the flesh of Mary Stannard's neck near the place that killed her, have been resolved to their original cases and elements, so as to discover any foreign matter, such as a speck of steel, when that which had been Mary Stannard's neck had become vapor under the chemist's manipulation.

Then the microscope was put upon the clean, white paper, that would catch any foreign substance and hold it. To the naked eye there appeared on the paper nothing but a speck-like dust, that a whiff of wind might have blown there; but on it the microscope placed a glass that could make one hair seem the size of a rope, and then the speck resolved itself into a rusty little piece of steel, with clearly defined form. It must have come from the blade of the knife that killed Mary Stannard.

Now the glass is run along the blade of the Rev. Mr. Hayden's knife, on which Professor White found blood. There are one or two little nicks seen in it, too large to match this little piece. At last a defect is discovered. It seems as though the little speck on the white paper, if applied to this speck of steel that dropped from the flesh, would fit it just; and by the most delicate manipulation the fitting is successfully done; and the prosecuting officers are informed that the servants have discovered a speck of steel that dropped from the flesh of the man around the wound that just fits a nick in the blade of the Rev. Hayden's knife.

A High-Toned Cook.

Mrs. Vandewater has lately experienced a great deal of trouble in securing a good servant girl. The last one she had was told to boil an egg in the coffee, and she put it in whole. On another occasion when instructed to stuff the ducks with onions and potatoes she put them in whole. She also made apple pies in a similar manner. Her predecessors were equally negligent and ignorant, and Mrs. Vandewater determined to have a colored girl at all hazards. It was with the intention of securing one that she came to New York recently. She went to an intelligence office and asked to see a list of the best specimens in stock. A burly girl of thirty-two stepped forward, and the following dialogue took place:

"Can you cook in a French style?"

"Yes, mum."

"Can you get up German dishes?"

"Yes, mum."

"If I suppose you are a church member?"

"Yes, one of 'em suah."

"You have no objections to splitting wood?"

"Not any."

"What time do you wake up in the morning?"

"Five o'clock and I can play on the guitar."

"You never kindle the fire with kerosene?"

"Never, Missus, never, and I ain't strong-minded."

"I ain't in favor of the wimmin a votin'."

She suited first-rate, but, before she consented to become engaged, she wanted to ask some questions.

"How many folks in the family?"

"Four."

Each wrapper bears the signature
MCLANE and FLEMING BROS.
Insist upon having the genuine Dr.
LANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by

Jacksonville

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1879.

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WEARINESS.

O, little feet; that such long years Must wander through hopes and fears, Must ache and bleed beneath your load, I, never to the wayside inn, Where you should rest and rest again, Am weary, thinking of your road, O, little hands, that weak or strong, Have still to serve, and rule so long, Have still to long to give or take, I, who so much with book and pen, Have toiled among my fellow men, Am weary, thinking of your task, O, little hearts, that throbb and beat, With such impatience, feverish heat, Such limpidness and strong desire; Mine, that so long has glowed and burned, With passions into ashes turn'd, Now covers and conceals its fire.

THE RIVALS.

What a horse he was! and Abel's own, too! Ah! it was a proud day for Abel when he paid his long-looked-for two hundred and said in his own town—a man independent of the world—in its true sense a rich man.

Abel was in a thriving way. He owned a neat home—boasted of a neat wife—a pretty one too—and called a beautiful girl daughter as might be found in the whole country.

Nature had been lavish of favors with Miss Nell. Indeed she had—for what accomplishment could not boast? Ah, but I am wrong here. Nell was no beauty. She was quick, gentle, thoughtful, merry, rapturous—that is, she was all these by turns, and charming in each, and Abel was deservingly proud of his daughter.

The first thing after the purchase of the fine animal was to bring it home. Arriving at his own door, wife, child and neighbors must come out to look. How beautiful he was, they all said, something down his sleek sides; the most knowing ones making such suggestions as professional "cutters" required.

"Yes; I think I needn't be ashamed of my bargain this time," said Abel, in his clear, confident voice. "Look well, he added, in an undertone; while she quickly whispered, "I see."

A dark brown team wagon was briskly drawn along the road by a high, white-gray horse, whose persevering, "nifty" nodding, seemed to say, "I'm a sure horse and a safe one; slow, perhaps, but always to be depended on." Forward on a seat sat a strong-bodied man with a good enough face, saying that an ugly frown detracted somewhat from a usually pleasant expression. He drove as rapidly as the narrow space would admit, spitefully striking his horse, but apparently glancing neither right nor left. It might seem as though some unpleasant occurrence had thrown a veil over the happy scene. To him it seemed as if all was veiled—and so it was; darkened and blasted by the breath of evil.

"What's the matter now, Tim? What's gone wrong to-day? I know something's afoot, but that black look of yours. What's the matter with you?"

"Thunder take the tea!" he muttered, turning uneasily; thunder take the tea and everything else; "there's Abe Saunders got a new horse on purpose to drive me out. I know it. O, if I could only compass that fellow!"

"Who, father?" asked a hearty voice, as the door opened and in walked tall young fellow, with a face as sunny as the day had been.

The frown partly vanished as a net that frank, handsome face, for he felt proud of his boy, who was, he was sure, growing up an honor to him. For Tim was clerk in the neighboring city.

Again the blackness as Tim's mind reverted to his trouble.

"The confounded Abe Saunders is pushing me out of business as fast as he can," he suddenly answered.

"What has he done now, father?"

But the question was put so cheerfully that Tim felt half inclined to visit his wrath upon his son.

"Done! what is he always doing?" he growled, "Making more show, and cutting more fools; lying about me more than likely. I was my business better than his five years ago. Haven't I been running down and hasn't he been climbing up? Hasn't he bought himself a house, and a horse, and been painting his wagon? And don't his wife go to church every Sunday with brand new dresses on?"

Three weeks from that Tim had a new horse also; his wagon was painted fresh, a bright blue roof replaced his old one, and Tim had altogether a brave appearance. But that he picked at home was too apparent. The butcher, whose cart usually stood every day before Tim's house, stopped now but three times in the week. Fresh loaves were seldom ordered from the baker's shop. Tim's wife, staid at home from meeting because she had not a dress decent to appear at church, much less a bonnet and other essential clothing.

The truth is, Tim's angry jealousy lost the good will of his best customers. Smarting under a supposed sense of injury, he was not slow to impute to Abel, even his bosom friend, motives altogether stranger to that good man's breast. His hints, obscure and lightly dropped, failed of their effect; he could not injure Abel's business.

Another stumbling block was his habit of tipping. Customers preferred one who never reeled in his seat; whose cheeks and eyes were neither flushed nor fiery. Of Tim these things could seldom be said; and month after month his business decreased in spite of his new horse and gay wagon.

These things could not be without their result, and gradually Mrs. Fuller lost her old-time health.

Her husband came to look he would have known what her glassy eye and sinking cheek meant, but he did not. And thus it was that one day in a sudden fit of delicious fever the poor woman wandered forth from her home, she knew not where.

Headless of her steps the poor woman tottered along, but at last a blinding vertigo seized her, she lost all consciousness and fell heavily to the ground.

Nelly Saunders sat at a side window of her father's house sewing and singing. Every two moments she would take from the folds of her dress a small miniature and look fondly at the features delineated there.

"Nelly, my child," said her mother, while the blushing girl thrust back the likeness just as her mother saw it. "Come here and look over the way. There, what does it mean? Some poor creature either tipsy or sick."

"It won't harm us to go and see," replied Nelly, her gaze growing sadly intent;

It may be somebody's mother, you know, and poor creature, even if she had been drinking."

But Nelly was out before she had finished the sentence, across the street, and as rapidly back again.

"Mother," she cried, all out of breath, "who do you think, what do you think, it is Frank's own mother, O, dear!"

She began to cry. "It makes me feel wretchedly to see her, for she must be very sick indeed. There don't seem to be any life in her; and she's as white, whiter than these curtains."

Mrs. Saunders, who was with her daughter, The poor woman, with her recovering. She raised her hand and pointed to the street.

"Don't, don't, Tim, we're so poorly," and again the head and hand dropped.

That night when Abel came home, before his quick, heavy tread sounded on the floor, he was noisily forward with her finger on her lip. She led him softly into the little kitchen and pointed to the slumbering woman.

He leaned over the insensible form, and then turned to Nelly, said:

"Go after Doctor James—tell him it's a case of life and death; that woman is sicker than you or I know. Then hurry and let me know; he must be worried by this time, if she has been here since morning. But above all, send the doctor; she's a sick woman."

Nelly was soon in the streets, and after her mission to the doctor's, who was fortunately at home, she almost flew to Tim's little house, where she saw Frank and his father in awful anxiety. She told them all, and in a moment Frank was ready to go, but Tim could not or would not consent.

After Frank had gone, however, he snatched up his hat and muttering, left the house. Notwithstanding his nervousness and often ill-nature he was not without love for his wife. And though he close to say little though he was boiling over with hate for his rival; though he swore fearfully that he would never step a foot over Abe Saunders' threshold, he could not keep his feet from that direction, but moved restlessly by, feeling as if he should be warned in case of real danger.

Meanwhile the physician had been there, and just as Frank and Nellie arrived was leaving the house. As he passed along the street a dark-looking man in a slouched hat touched him on the arm.

"Excuse me," he said, but I thought maybe you was the doctor called to tend a woman in yonder house."

"I am," answered the physician, "what do you want of me?"

"How is the woman? Is she likely to be sick?"

"Likely to be sick?" repeated the doctor, looking at Tim; for something in the man's manner arrested his attention. "If I find her living to-morrow at sundown, I shall be more astonished than I am apt to be. Why man, it's a case of life and death, she's dangerous."

Tim waited to hear no more, but walked straight up to Abe's cottage door, where Abe stood himself, with a kindly look in his honest eyes, at which Tim nodded.

"My wife is sick here. I'm sorry she's sick here," he said, "but we can't have everything to our liking. Where is she?"

Without saying a word Abe led Tim to his wife. Katy Saunders had passed an arm under the head of the sufferer, while with the other hand she was waving the forehead with some cooling mixture. The bed was snowy white, clean, neat, and looked like a new one.

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A Day at the Butts.

It was the fourth day of August, more than a hundred years ago, and the whole road between London and the little village of Harrow was thronged with people. It was hot and dusty enough, that morning, but nobody seemed to mind in the eager scramble for the best seats; and it was not long before the little green knoll, just at the west of the London road, seemed fairly alive with spectators.

It was a lovely spot—a well-known Butts of Harrow—with its one or two forest trees waving like so many banners, and its tress of grassy seats terracing the slope. From time immemorial it had been the scene of annual contests in archery, and there was not a boy in Harrow School who did not look forward to the year to this fourth day of August.

When Henry Lyons founded the school it was made a condition of entrance, that every pupil should be furnished with the proper implements of archery; and among the school ordinances drawn up in the year 1592 there was one to the effect that every child should, at all times, be allowed bows, shafts, bow-strings, and a brace.

No wonder the men of those days were tall, and straight, and strong.

But back! The church clock down in the village is striking the appointed hour. A little figure, clad in red satin from head to foot, darts, out from the thicket of trees, and now a procession of twelve boys, some in white, some in red, and some in green, take their places in the open little arena left for the competitors.

All the little archers, with their caps of bright-colored silk, and looking down from the garden knoll, the whole scene is a kaleidoscope of color.

A silver arrow—the victor's prize—glimpses temptingly in the sunlight; and a tall lad, who stands among the waiting twelve, bends eagerly forward to examine it.

"Little archer to his bow!" whispers one of the twelve, as he glances at the victor's arrow. "He's bound to get that arrow, isn't he?"

"Pooh! who cares for the arrow?" responds the other disdainfully. "It's nothing but a plaything, anyway! What I think about is winning the game, not the arrow!"

"Yes; but you see it's different with Percival!" said the first speaker. "His three older brothers, three years in succession, won the game, while the rest of the Harrow School, and the father and Percival must win the fourth for the empty corner in the drawing room, or he shall be ashamed to call him his son!"

Just here the boys were interrupted in their talk, for the target was ready, and, at a signal, the contest began. At first, one of the twelve, while the rest of the twelve, then came a shaft that glanced just to one side of the inner circle; but at last, after many fruitless attempts, the bull's-eye was fairly pierced, and the feat was greeted with a gay concert from the French horns.

Now, it happened—at least this is one of the legends of Harrow—that the victor of this last boy was "Love," and when his arrow touched the bull's-eye a number of his school-fellows shouted high above the horns:

"Omnia vincit Amor!"

"Not so!" said another boy who stood close by. "Nos non cedunt Amor!"

And thus, after adjusting his shaft, he snatched up the bull's-eye, and when he swung together on the front gate. Still, the young king was made to feel the burden of his rank. It was never allowed to go courting without the company of two cabinet ministers and a squadron of dragoons. It was all very well for Montpensier to go to bed at 9.30, but it availed him nothing as long as the two cabinet ministers persistently sat in the back parlor. Perhaps they were humane men, and occasionally heard a supposititious cat in the dining room, whether they went in pretended search of her, but it is more probable that they strictly performed their duty, and sat in the back parlor with invariable and unadmitted persistence.

Then, too, the name of a moonlight walk, and the large building erected for the accommodation of the King, where the manufacture is still continued. The King being now directly interested in the success of the factory, granted it very valuable privileges and monopolies; such as the sole right of making porcelain statuary. The King and the ladies of his court, and the nobles of the nobility, gave large orders to the factory and enabled it to execute its most important works.

The commercial success of the factory being thus assured, the directors devoted their energy to improving the quality of the ware, and securing the first artists to paint upon it. The secret of the composition of hard-paste porcelain had been purchased from a German workman, but as its ingredients were not known to exist in France, the knowledge remained idle until a woman discovered a bed of the clay near Limoges, and sent samples to Sevres where the manufacture was immediately taken up, and has been successfully carried on ever since. Large factories have since been started in the neighborhood of Limoges, and the porcelain manufacture is now one of the most flourishing in France. The woman who made this fortunate discovery had become almost destitute when she was relieved by a government pension.

Hard-paste porcelain soon became the leading manufacture of the factory, and making the old soft-paste was discontinued in 1804 and only recently resumed. Under the direction of Alexander Brogniart, who remained in office under all forms of government from 1800 until his death in 1847, the whole attention of the factory was devoted to the production of hard-paste porcelain, which was produced in styles, sizes, and colors never before attempted. Vases of gigantic size, and plaques four feet by three, were painted by such artists as Berger, Constantine, Georget, Langlade and LeCun, either in original designs, or by copies of the works of Raphael, Van Dyck,

and others of the great masters. Since the death of Brogniart, the directors of the Sevres factory have been Ebelman, Legendre and Robert.

The marks used on Sevres china are quite numerous, and serve to show very accurately the period of production. We have the two L's interlaced, the monogram of the King, used on the earliest porcelain of Vincennes, and also at Sevres, with the addition of letters to give the date, as, L. 1759, L. 1764, C. 1755, A.A. 1775, etc., down to 1792, when the word Sevres, with the monogram R. F., *Republique Francaise*, was adopted, and until 1800. During the two years the R. F. was dropped, and then the changing marks begin to shadow the rise in the fortunes of Napoleon. Manufacture Nationale de Sevres, in 1808. M. Imple de Sevres, 1810 to 1814, and from 1810 to 1814, the imperial eagle, and the crown, surrounded by the words, Manufacture Imperiale Sevres, were used.

The interlaced L's came in with Louis XVIII; the interlaced C's, sometimes enclosing an X, sometimes covered by a crown, mark the short reign of Charles X. With Louis Philippe, the fleur-de-lis was introduced, but he soon replaced it with his monogram, which was in turn displaced by the old cipher of the republic.

At first Louis Napoleon used the eagle, then the crowned N, but the most familiar mark on modern Sevres china, is the letter S and the date of the century, enclosed in an oval and printed in pale green. This mark has been in use since 1848 on all pieces in addition to the other marks named. China that was sold without being decorated has this mark cut through by a fine wheel, removing the glaze and plainly indicating the character of the piece. These pieces are often decorated in the Sevres styles, and makes very good copies, but no one need be deceived as to their character since the mark plainly betrays a more successful trick is to take fully marked Sevres with a plain, cheap decoration, and removing this, put in its place some very elaborate Sevres decoration, thus giving to the whole the character and authority of real Sevres work. Such a forgery as this is almost impossible to detect if the work is well done.

Since July, 1872, there has been used on Sevres porcelain, as an additional guarantee of the genuineness of the decoration the monogram R. F., enclosed in a circle with the date, and the words *Dore a Sevres or Decore a Sevres*.

As to the beauty of Sevres china compared with the production of the other continental potteries, opinions differ. It is so largely a matter of taste, and our tastes are so affected by education and surrounding, that on the question of relative merits of different specimens or schools of art, the best of critics differ. But there are certain points which generally admitted, and which may aid in forming a judgment on such a question.

The Dresden porcelain, as porcelain is called, is distinguished by its hardness, purity and strength. But the Sevres paste-tendre is as much in advance in the delicate softness of its glaze which absorbs the colors, gives them an unclouded depth and luster, while on the pate-tendre the colors remain fixed on the surface and do not sink in. The Sevres painting is concededly superior in several departments to the Dresden, and, although the English artists have made great progress in the past few years, both in flower, figure and landscape painting, and many in the near future become successful rivals of the Sevres factory still retains its artistic and technical supremacy.

A Texas Vendetta.

In a neighborhood four or five miles west of Hempstead and near the Brazos, Texas, in the heart of rich lands, fertile plantations and wealthy farmers, there are and have for a long time been two prominent and leading families—the Loggins and the Morris. The former is probably the most numerous, about 150 persons belonging to the connection in different parts of the State. A number of the family have heretofore resided near Hempstead, in the same neighborhood with the Morris. Some of them were related to the former by marriage. Both families were in fact mixed up. Some time during 1877 Thomas Loggins for a time found it necessary to be absent from his residence in the midst of a large plantation. His absence was not only somewhat prolonged, but indefinite, and he suddenly returned to his home, to find his cousin—one of the Morris—in his house, and in close proximity to his wife, Mrs. Loggins. The enraged husband, in true Texan style, drew his revolver, and leveling it at the head of the Loggins, drew trigger, but the cap burst and the barrel failed to fire. Morris arose and fled through a back door into the fields and escaped, Loggins, finding that he could not "shoot his man," shot down Morris' horse, which he found hitched at the gate. After this Morris fled the country. Loggins threatened that if ever they met the disturber of their domestic peace must die. A short time ago Morris returned, and, hearing of the threats, armed himself with a double-barrelled shot gun and proceeded to waylay Loggins as the latter rode out of Hempstead on his return to his home. He was accompanied by a friend, and as they approached a large post-oak tree near a fence, Morris sprang from behind it, raised the gun and shot Loggins dead. Some of the Loggins' connection swore vengeance at the time, and shortly afterward Reuben Loggins, his son Henry, and nephew, Wilford Loggins, held a consultation at which it was determined to avenge the death of their kinsman. The bloody resolve was faithfully carried out. Reuben was riding home not long since from Hempstead. As he was passing through a long lane in the Loggins' plantation, and just as he entered an old gin-house, he was suddenly confronted by a bold man, Reuben Loggins and the two young men mentioned, who deliberately shot him off his horse, he falling to the ground a corpse.

Here are a few good rules worth remembering when one has occasion to select flour for family use. Of course the color is of prime importance. It is white, with a yellowish colored tint, buy it. If it is white, with a bluish coat or with white specks in it, reject it. Second examine its adhesiveness—wet and knead a little bit of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky it is poor. Third, throw a little lump of dried flour against a smooth surface; if it falls like powder it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some of the flour tightly in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. It is safe to buy flour that will stand all these tests.

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